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# STOLEN CORRESPONDENCE

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**THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
(CLASS OF 1882)  
OF NEW YORK**

**1918**

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# STOLEN CORRESPONDENCE

From the "DEAD LETTER"  
Office Between Musical  
Celebrities ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

BY  
B. A. SHARP

*Bachelor of Unlimited Art and Undis-  
covered Science*



NEW YORK  
THE GERVAIS PUBLISHING CO.



Mus 78.10

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## PREFACE.

**W**HEN I was in Washington recently, I took a stroll around town, and after an hour's walk I came to the Capitol. All roads lead to Rome, don't you know. I was shown through (the Capitol, of course, not Rome), and everything was explained to me in a very nice way. Then my guide took me over to the Congressional Library—a magnificent building, the treasury of our brainwork. Wandering through the building and admiring the different departments, I noticed a door with a sign "Dead Letter Office." As I could not make out what such sign or such office meant, I went in and asked of a very old and very kind gentleman (he must have been the sexton of that useful institution) to explain what was the reason of the existence of such an office. The very old and very kind gentlemen told me that the office is a kind of a cemetery for all the dead letters—that is, the letters which were wrongly addressed or otherwise did not reach their destination—and he showed me around the many rooms of the cemetery—I mean, departments. Everywhere piles, heaps, mountains of dead letters, and I could not help thinking: "What a loss of energy

and time in writing these letters." Suddenly I saw in an obscure corner a large parcel with the inscription: "Correspondence between Musical celebrities." I will tell the truth, that I was tempted, and noticing that the very old and very kind gentleman was looking the other way, I snatched the parcel and put it under my overcoat. In the train, on the way to New York, I read through the correspondence and thinking that it might do some good, I decided to publish it. But as I am and always was, or pretended to be, an honest man, I put the title in the following way: "STOLEN CORRESPONDENCE" from the "Dead Letter Office," as the case was, without attributing to myself the honor belonging to

THE AUTHOR.

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**DALTON BLUTKOPFF**  
to  
**JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH**



*My Dear Old Boy:*

How are you, Sebastian? You must be getting old. Let me see, you were born in 1685, and now we are in 1901. Well, you must be about two hundred and sixteen years old. That is quite an age, isn't it? I hope, when I am as old as you are, I shall have a name like yours.

Between us, I can't make out why you should have such a name. Is it through your masses, fugues, counterpoint or piano pieces, that you got it? You write very uncomfortably for the piano; it is too difficult. I never took your writings as a model; it would never pay. For my model in harmony and piano technique, I took the "Maiden's Prayer," and I am quite successful here as a composer.

Not long ago I wrote a song, by name "Penny Dearer." It has been sung by the great, but not over-great, baritone, actor and lecturer, Bispham. Of course, I made him great. Oh, you should hear that song. It is

a dream, not a song. Some people say it is taken from our patriotic song, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Well, I'll tell you, after I composed this song, the resemblance struck me, too; but does it not happen that the same great compositions are written by different composers? In fact, all the new operas remind us of the old ones. Don't they?

I have also composed an oratorio, "Vanilla Tedium." Some profane jester made a joke on it, by calling it "Vanilla I scream;" isn't that foolish? Speaking frankly, and with some modesty, Sebastian, the workmanship of this oratorio surpasses yours in the B-minor mass. I simply took Smith's five finger exercises for the "angels" theme: *Do, re, mi, fa, sol; sol, fa, mi, re, do*. How does it strike you, Sebastian? So simple and so grand. I forgot to tell you that I have also tried myself in the operatic field. I have composed an opera, entitled, "The Yellow Fool" or "The Scarlet Satchel"; quite an original name, you must admit? Well, well, I must tell you, without pride, it is a "*chef d'oeuvre*." Everybody says it is. You can ask my brother Franz. The opera was produced by my own opera company; and it made a sensa-

tion. In fact it marked an Era. When the New Yorkers speak of something, they always say: "It was about ten years previous to the production of the 'Yellow Fool,' or three years subsequent." It will stand as a monument of American composition for long, long years to come, and still longer after death. Some critics said (jealousy, of course,) that if my opera had been written 300 years ago it would have been quite original; and Wagner could have learned from it something about orchestration and workmanship; and now it happens just the contrary. We will not talk at all about the creative part of the opera; there is nothing in it.

I also tried the opera business, and after spending a lot of money it busted, as you might expect it; and now I have to be without an orchestra or singing societies. When I went into operatic speculations, I gave the societies away to my brother Franz, an excellent business man; so I am looking now for a position.

Finally, old friend, if you hear of a vacancy for a conductor in your place, let me know at once; I will take it with delight, money no object. I know I will be a success; down there you have a more appreciative audience.



Here they say I conduct too coldly, that I need a stove on each side to warm me up. What nonsense!

Now, don't forget, dear Sebastian, about the conductorship, or I will have to take a conductor's place on a Second Avenue car.

Well, good-bye. Give my regards to the old fellows down there.

Yours truly,

DALTON BLUTKOPFF.



JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH  
to  
DALTON BLUTKOPFF



*Dear Sir:*

Your favor received. You are very kind in remembering an old man like me. Yes, it is quite an age since my being on your planet. You ask me how I have such a name and you have none. Now, look here, young man; you are sensible; you showed that by marrying into a rich family and getting quite a few dollars so as not to depend on earnings from your musical undertakings, except your compositions, the income of which would amount, if I am not mistaken, to five dollars and eleven cents per year. Don't you think so? This sum would perhaps have been sufficient in our times. So you ask me, why have I such a name? First of all, a composer must have a creative talent; then he must have a thorough knowledge of harmony, counterpoint, fugue, musical forms and instrumentation. Now it is for yourself to confess that your creative talent is so poor that you have to borrow from other composers all the

time. Take, for instance, your opera; show me one place that you could call real new. Take your oratorio, "Vanilla"; it is the most tedious work of the last century, and if your brother Franz would not have produced it, nobody would know about it. Take your sonata for violin and piano; it is a combination of sounds without soul and without body. Take your popular song, "Penny Dearer." By writing this song you spoiled the beautiful patriotic song "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." You know why it became so popular? Because it reminds one of the other popular song. Your audience likes popular music nowadays; something which reminds of another something. They condemn everything new and original. The technique of your compositions is so shabby, so badly mended together; and, after all, why did you take to composition altogether? Do you think that your compositions will last? The moment you go away to our blessed land—and go you will—your compositions will die out and vanish as if they had never existed before. I would advise you to stick to conducting. You will never make a great conductor, but you will be able to make some impression on the popular audience, and the worst that could be

is, that Wagner would go around wandering in bad humor up here. In fact, I met him the other day and asked him why he looked so blue? He answered: "Why, did you not hear that Dalton Blutkopf is conducting my operas in the Metropolitan Opera House? And the public begins to dislike my music on account of it." Isn't this a little too strong for you, dear Dalton?

Now you asked me to get you a position as conductor up here. I will answer you frankly that your application would never be accepted. We have here a lot of pretty good conductors, not as good as you of course; for instance, Seidl, Liszt, Buelow and others; but they are jealous of your success and therefore they will work against you. They are afraid that you will overshadow their reputation, you know.

But, my dear Dalton, I will tell you what I can do for you. I can get you a position as a fire-starter at the great big stove—in the lower region. The position is an excellent one; there is always a good and appreciative audience. You will be able to get this position only on one condition; that is, you have to start the fire only with your own compositions. They will smell a trifle of routine and

triviality, but they are dry enough and will make a lot of smoke. Let me know when you will be ready.

Till then I remain, yours truly,

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.



**ARCHIBALD DE MULLEN**  
to  
**RICHARD WAGNER**



*My Dear Friend Wagner:*

I hope you are not offended at my calling you friend. All stars must be friends. You were a star in Germany, I am one in the United States. But I do not know what is the matter with us stars in general. You keep on rising higher all the time, I rising and falling, just as the stocks in Wall Street fluctuate.

I wish to ask of you a favor, old chap. I have composed a song, a beautiful song entitled "Don't Promise Me." I doubt if you ever heard it—perhaps you did, during your stay in Italy. An Italian by the name of Castaldogni composed the same song about thirty years ago, when I was yet a baby, and called it "Musica Prohibita." He wrote it in another key, that I should not recognize it, I suppose. Now, my dear Richard, I want you to introduce this song in your place. I am sure that your people would enjoy a "new" song. Here they are sick and tired of it. In fact, if someone is caught singing this song

he must pay \$10 fine to me; isn't that nice? I hope you enjoy an eternal summer up there, and have all the comfort you need and deserve. I must confess that you did a great deal for music in this world, nearly as much as I have done. Isn't it wonderful, that we have such similar fates: you were a composer, I am a composer; you were a critic, I am a critic; I wrote for the *World*—a fine paper, Democratic and Republican all in one; but I don't mix in politics, though I know you did. In 1848 you were a red-hot socialist, were you not? But I forgive you; you were young and foolish then.

If you will grant me the favor I ask, I will do you one in return. A few days ago I looked over your "Ring of the Nibelungen" and I came to the conclusion that a fine comic opera can be made from it. Of course, I will have to reorchestrate the whole thing and insert some of my beautiful light melodies.

It will sound grand. Imagine "Siegfried's Funeral March"—*allegro con spirito*, like a two-step, or I will insert in the middle of the "Ride of the Valkyries" my other great hit, "You Are Mine To-day, I Will Be Yours Tomorrow," and think of the combination of our names—"De Mullen-Wagner"! It is grand,

isn't it? Don't worry about compensation, old chap. When I put the new "*chef d'oeuvre*" on the stage, I will get my royalty all right.

Hoping to hear from you as late as convenient,

I remain your friend and comrade,

ARCHIBALD DE MULLEN.





**RICHARD WAGNER, per Secretary**  
**Anton Seidl**  
**to**  
**ARCHIBALD DE MULLEN**



*Dear Sir:*

You letter at hand. Mr. Richard Wagner has instructed me—his secretary—to answer your letter. You call yourself a star in the United States; there must be pretty dark times now, if you are a star. But if you say so, it may be so; though it was not always so when you were a critic. You ask Mr. Wagner to introduce your song "Don't Promise Me" up here. You must be awfully conceited. In the first place, it is not your song at all, in the second place do you think you could find a singer here who would sing your so-called songs? They would not do it even if you promise them a seat in the front row of the "paradise" at the next festival. The singers up here simply say: "Let them keep this kind of songs down there, we do not want such stuff here." What do you think of it? What concerns your other works; operas, for instance "Robin Dude," etc., we have the

original Offenbach's, Strauss's, or Suppe's is better to have the original than the operas; and you know yourself that it copy. You say, how strange it is that yours and Wagner's fates are alike; you were a composer and he was one. Who told you that you are a composer? Mr. Knebel or Mr. Pinck? I do not think they would say that. They are pretty good judges, though they don't always say what they think. It does not pay; it is bad business, don't you know? In the United States, as you know yourself, everything is business. Concertizing is business; conducting is business; singing is business; criticism is business. Then you say that Wagner was a writer and you are one. Well, if you call your criticisms writings, then you are right. But do you know what a critic must possess? He must possess an entire musical education. Firstly, he must know thoroughly theory of composition; secondly, he must play the piano pretty well; thirdly, he must be able to read a score. Now, you know it yourself, that all this is *terra incognita* to you. You simply became a critic because you studied a little while four-part harmony and then you had a big pull with the "almighty people."

What concerns the favor you want to do Mr. Wagner, namely, to make a comic opera from the "Nibelungen"; that is a happy idea, especially when you will make a waltz swing through the opera and put in two or three marches by Sousa. You write about your new hit "You're Mine To-day, I Will Be Yours To-morrow." An excellent name; is the music as good? Where did you copy it this time?

When you will finish your new undertaking, namely, making the comic opera from the "Nibelungen," send me a copy, and as return favor I will send you from our cellars up here a lot of old operas to copy the music from for your new, original creations.

When you will put it on the stage, call me up by telephone; I want to surprise Wagner. He will be glad to hear his "Ring" in your new "Uniform."

Thanking you in advance for your kindness and labor, I remain,

Yours truly,

ANTON SEIDL.

**HECTOR RICKBETT**  
to  
**LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN**



*My Dear van Beeth:*

As I had a little leisure—about a half hour or so—I thought, old fellow, I would look over your symphonies. Now, don't blush; I know you are modest; I am sorry I can't say the same of myself. I took them up and looked them over, and imagine what I found out: that you stole some of the melodies from my operas and other compositions and put them into your symphonies, just as Moszkowsky did with my serenade for 'cello—transformed it into a piano piece. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, old man. I wouldn't have said anything if you had used the same orchestration as mine, but to take my melodies and use them in your symphonies—no sir!

I will have to forgive you this time, but I am sure it will not recur in the future. How are you getting along down there? Pretty dark, isn't it? Or may be you are on the top floor, eh?

I am quite busy up here. You know, old

fellow, I often laugh when I think of you. It took you, if I am not mistaken, about two years to compose the 9th symphony, while I—I composed six operas, 50 songs, three orchestral suites and a lot of other trash in six months only. Is it not wonderful? You are surprised. The reason is, I have a better technique than you had and I copy from old operas, which you never did. By the way, I butcher your symphonies systematically every season with my orchestra and you ought to be thankful for it.

I hope not to see you very soon, and of course you will not feel offended over it.

Yours very sincerely,

HECTOR RICKBETT.



**LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN**  
to  
**HECTOR RICKBETT**



*Dear Sir:*

Since I received your letter, I am blushing constantly; not because I am modest and you are not, but because you say you looked over my symphonies. I know that you cannot read a score, therefore how could you look over my symphonies? You say that I stole melodies from your compositions and put them into my symphonies. Excuse me, if it is so. I always thought that the melodies in my symphonies are my own, but if you say that they are yours, you of course know it better. One discovers new things every day. Especially nowadays, the time of inventions and discoveries. In fact, I was struck dumb when I discovered from your letter that you became a composer and conductor. That was a real discovery for me. I remember when you were born, your papa told me that he expected you to become a butcher or a motorman. You look it all right. Suddenly I find out that you became a composer and conductor.

First, I thought that it is a conductor of a railroad or a street car, but later I found out the real thing.

You ask me how I am getting along here. Well, I'll tell you: We feel more peaceful and quiet than you on the "blessed earth." I never liked it down there—too much bother about money. You sell your soul and body to Mephistopheles, every one of you; for that miserable "dollar." By the way, I met Mephisto the other day, the old dear Mephisto! Oh, he is a smart fellow, he is! I had quite a talk with him. Oh, you ought to hear him, how witty and powerful he is; and such a magnificent bass voice. Oh, yes, he does not sing the serenade from "Faust" any more; he sings the serenade from your "Singing Boy" now. Quite a compliment to you, isn't it? But I cannot recollect where I have heard the melody of it before.

You laugh at me because I compose so slowly; that it took me two years to compose the 9th symphony, and you composed a lot of trash in only six months. My dear Rickbett, you know very well why it is. It takes more time to create and to instrumentate a real new symphony than to copy one, as you do.

That you butcher my symphonies with your

orchestra is no news to me; I always knew that you had an excellent talent to become a butcher.

You do not want to see me very soon; all right. But wait, wait, Mephisto will soon demand your soul for the many "dollars" which you are making right and left by your wonderful talents.

Go ahead, my boy; copy, butcher and make the coin, and let me know once in a while how you are getting on.

Good-bye, my dear fellow.

Yours sincerely,

LUDVIG VAN BEETHOVEN.





EDMOND JULIENS  
to  
FRANZ SCHUBERT



*My Dear Schubert:*

How are you getting along, old Shoe? Composing? It is of no use to you. The publishers won't take your compositions anyway; they don't need classics any more. Nothing but "rag time" now. What, you do not know what that means? I will explain: "Rag time" is music out of time, out of tune, out of body and sense, and that's exactly what we need now. You possessed too much soul and body and therefore you wouldn't go, except, perhaps, that some old maid from Oshkosh might sing your "Serenade" in the twilight, sigh in the midnight and blush in the morning. By the way, speaking of your Serenade, I heard that you received for it about five marks. You old fool! When I write a song, I get \$50 and royalty on it.

You were too conservative, old fellow; I suppose because you graduated from a conservatory. I never did. You had too much art in you, but no business ability at all. I

have no art in me at all, but plenty of the other. Besides, I know all the comic operas of Europe by heart; in fact, sometimes I write them down as my own, and the publishers take them with pleasure and I get the money. Another world, you know; other conditions, other requirements!

By the way, will you compose some new songs for me and send them down as soon as possible? I know that you have it in you; confidentially, I cannot; I am sorry to say it, but it is a fact. I will give you ten dollars for a song—in your money it is 40 marks. Why, you never got so much money in your life. I will put the songs in my new opera, and you will have as much beer as you want to drink. You don't care for "fame" as long as you will have the "foam."

I hope you will not forget what I have asked of you. Enclosed please find a check for \$25 in advance.

Expecting the new songs, I remain

Your friend,

**EDMOND JULIENS.**

FRANZ SCHUBERT  
to  
EDMOND JULIENS



*Dear Sir:*

What are you talking about, shoes? Was it your former occupation? I mean before you began to write "copy-sitions"? I thought so. You speak of "rag-time" being the craze in your place. That's quite natural. People can never come to "carpets" before they have had "rags." *Verstehen sie?* Now, then, is the time for "rags" or for "rag-time" composers. What concerns my Serenade; I got, indeed, only 5 marks. What would you do if your stomach begins to sing not a serenade, but a dramatic "recitative" *con fuoco*? You will sell, then, all the serenades in the world for anything you could get. It was always so, and it will remain so: that when a new, original composition will come out, it will be very little appreciated. But such stuff as you and thousands of others write will always have success, on account of the waltz and march swing; on account of the trivial and ordinary routine. You say that I had no business

ability; why, in my times we did not need business ability; we were satisfied with what we had. Now, as I look down to your place, it seems to me that you are all crazy. Your world looks like a large railroad depot. Everybody is on the run to catch something. Nobody cares for relatives or friends; nobody cares for the real enjoyment of a quiet and peaceful life. All the time excitement and mad races for the "dólfar." You are used to it, but to me it looks awful. You look more like animals than human beings. You tramp and tread down everything that is modest and that is real art. You ask me if I will compose some new songs for you. No, I will not. In the first place we do not need any money up here; we get along more peacefully without it. In the second place, what is the use of writing original songs if your audience would not appreciate them anyway? And to compose in your style, I will never agree. Such stuff is not for me. If I wrote such songs, I would never dare to look straight into the faces of my honest friends up here, like Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn and others. But what concerns a glass of beer; I would not mind having one at the present moment; I am awful dry, and there

is no place here to get it; all temperance people up here. In fact, somebody started a temperance "League," and imagine who is elected president? Mrs. Nation, from the West, down in your place. You see, we appreciate noble deeds here in a far better way than you do.

Give my regards to "Pabst" and his "Milwaukee."

Yours truly,

FRANZ SCHUBERT.



# **HANS KETTLEDRUM**

to

## **ANTON SEIDL**



*My Dear Tonio:*

Why, what is the matter with you? I hear that you are kicking up all the dust in the crematory. Is it from jealousy or delight at my conducting your orchestra in St. Mark's Music Hall? I never for a moment thought that you were jealous; can it really be so?

But, old friend, I am successful in New York as an orchestra conductor, and I think that the time is not far off when I will be the conductor of the Philharmonic. You will see it, take my word for that.

Do you know the cause of my success? There is a woman in it. She conducts both my orchestra and the beer saloon. She is an excellent judge of ice-cream, beer and symphonies. One thing I am sorry for is that I played under your direction only three symphonies. I have to repeat these all the time, not being able to study a new one by myself. By the way, if you see our friend Wagner, tell him that his future in New York is estab-

lished. Tell him I did it. I play a Wagnerian programme every Thursday—and imagine Wagner in my hands! He would never recognize his own compositions, so strikingly original is my production.

O, you should see me conduct a Strauss waltz! Strauss himself could not do any better. Why, all the ladies grow frantic over me and send me presents every day. A few days ago I got a pair of silk suspenders and a pocket camera, to take pictures of myself. I like pictures. Also a dozen boxes of tomato sauce and a dozen of canned corn. You, poor fellow, never received any presents.

Anton Seidl, you did a foolish thing while on earth: you had such a nice bunch of red hair and you dyed it black. Now red is all the fashion; look at Paderewski. I am going to dye mine red, my wife's white, and my concertmaster's blue. It will be a nice combination, won't it? That done, I am going to compose a march and call it "Red, White and Blue." What, you smile and ask if I compose? I composed a new march already, with the title "St. Mark's Ice." Between you and me, it is an old march with a new title. I have also made some improvement in conducting, as you will see presently. You al-

ways knew by heart the score of the composition you were conducting and showed the musicians where to come in. I do neither. Why do I pay them money, if they themselves could not come in on time? I simply stand and beat time—always out of time.

I wish you could see me accompany a singer or other soloist. They run away from me and they say that I cannot count. Why, I always help my wife to count the money after the concert. There is a rumor ringing through the iced air of the "Garden" that the patrons are going to put up a monument of ice—it's cheaper, you know, than marble—representing my wife holding me in one hand and patting me with the other. A nice group, you'll say, Seidl old man? I am dying with impatience to see it. Well, my dear friend, I have to finish this letter, because I must dress for the concert. Think of it—every evening a fresh shirt! It comes quite expensive, but it's all for Art's sake.

Good-bye. Give my regards to all comrades up there.

Yours very truly,  
HANS KETTLEDRUM.



ANTON SEIDL  
to  
HANS KETTLEDRUM



*My Dear Kettle:*

I wanted to answer your letter long ago, but on account of a Wagnerian festival up here, of which I was the conductor, it was delayed for six months.

My dear Kettle, I am very sorry to hear, from the enterprising and energetic paper, *New York Journal*, about the differences between you and your manager. You are alone now; I pity you very much. Quarreling with your manager was the greatest folly; even greater than becoming a conductor. You ask me if I was jealous of your conducting my orchestra; no, sir, I am not. The idea! To be jealous of you, my dear Kettledrum! But I am mad, because you spoiled my orchestra by your conducting. I had such a fine orchestra, and now it amounts to nothing; all on account of you.

Now about Wagner: he was sick all summer; he had a swollen cheek and a terrible toothache, and the result was that he was all

the time in bed. And imagine what was the reason of all this? That you conducted Wagnerian Festivals in St. Mark's Hall. He used to wake me up in the middle of the night—we are, of course, in the same quarters up here—by saying: "Listen, Seidl; he—(he meant you)—he, that ignoramus, is conducting my 'Meistersinger' prelude," and then he began to cry pitifully. And he was right, too; you played it like a shoemaker. Nothing but noise, beer and smoke! You say that you have made an improvement in conducting; you mean a radical change; I used to lead the orchestra, and you follow it. How can you help it, if you don't know how to do otherwise? What concerns your march, "St. Mark's Ice"? We had some fun up here about it. It happened that the same evening that you played it for the first time, old Johann Strauss was visiting Wagner and me. Just the moment you started to play the march, Strauss got pale and exclaimed: "My God! at last I have found my first march, which I conducted on the day of my début in Vienna." What do you think of it, my dear Kettle? Is he or you right? You ought to know better where you copied your march from. By the way, Kettle, as you have some

business with the "Ice Garden," send us some wagons of ice; we will be very thankful to you; it is awful hot up here. "Eternal summer"; you know, I never liked summer.

Well, my dear boy, good-bye; give my regards to my orchestra, which, by the way, is laughing in the sleeve at you—especially now, when you are left without an orchestra, without a manager, and without a—but that is not my business.

Cattle you were and Cattle you remain.

Sincerely yours,

ANTON SEIDL.



**FRANZ BLUTKOPFF**  
to  
**JOHANNES BRAHMS**



*My Dear Friend Joannes:*

What a pity you died so soon! You missed a great joy—that of seeing me elected president of the “Typewriting Society of American Music Dealers”! I want to propose you for membership in this organization. It will do you good. You will meet, down here, nice fellows and pretty good musicians. Since I am of the best of them, you can imagine the rest. The first condition is, you will have to present a four-part fugue. If you cannot do this, I would advise you to take a few lessons in counterpoint from my brother Dalton. Oh, he is a great composer—I mean a music dealer! You should hear his oratorio, “Vanilla Tedium.” It is a wonderful piece of work. One hundred and nine pages piano score alone. Of course, between you and me, I never had the patience to play through that oratorio, for two reasons: Firstly, I cannot play at all; secondly—well, it is not necessary to tell the second reason. But nevertheless,

it is a wonderful production of contemporary genius. I sometimes wonder what ungrateful people those New Yorkers are! Everybody expected that a monument would be erected to my brother after the first production of "Vanilla." But alas!—

I myself am not composing much excepting a few trashy things. I leave that to my brother. But my dear Johannes, what do you think of the way I worked myself up in New York? As you know, I never received a musical education, so I settled as a simple music dealer in Denver, Colorado. It is a place for consumptives. I suppose that is why my business got consumption and pined and died. How do you like this joke? After that, I tried New York. At first I was with my brother. Then the crazy idea struck him that he was an operatic conductor, and he went out of the "Elocution Society" which my beloved father founded. He, unlike us, was a musician. So I took Dalton's place in the society and began to give singing lessons. Now you wonder how I gave singing lessons when I had no idea of that art? (By the way, I forgot to tell you that my voice resembles the sound of a mill-saw.) Why, it is the easiest thing in the world to become a singing teacher in New

York! First of all, you charge \$10 for trying the voice. Then you criticize and correct other singers and pretty soon you will be known as a first-class singing teacher. My dear brother Dalton helped me out quite a little in this respect: He used to send me some of his fashionable folks for pupils. After that I organized—I mean worked people, and they organized a “Moral Union,” and gave my name to it. Then they began to sing. Together they make a pretty good noise. Consider the quantity! Two thousand of them! But individually they don’t know the difference between a flat and a tenement. A person must know how to lead such a crowd. I know it. I am a born politician, and I know also how to surround myself with people. It is always easier to get along with blockheads. I do not like the company of smart fellows. All these years I have worked very hard and produced—I mean, killed—several oratorios, and now I am busy every evening with singing societies. In fact, so busy that I have no time to eat. I sometimes eat my dinner the next day.

I am also satisfied with the business part of my work. I make lots of money, and I am supervisor of music stores in New York,

is no place here to get it; all temperance  
what they want of me.

I hope you are getting along all right,  
though it must be hard for you to associate  
with Wagner down there. You never liked  
him, neither do I; but I have to live up to  
the times. Give my regards to Bach and Pal-  
estrina. I like them very much, though I do  
not understand their music.

Keep together in good health, and remember  
Your old friend,

**FRANZ BLUTKOPFF.**



JOHANNES BRAHMS  
to  
FRANZ BLUTKOPFF



*My Dear Franz:*

I am real sorry that I died too soon; but just the same I congratulate you on your election as president of the "Typewriting Society." I am thankful to you for proposing me as a member of that organization. I heard that they have very good punch at their meetings. That's good; it cultivates the taste for higher art. You say that I have to present a four-part composition for examination; that will be indeed a difficult job for me. You advise me to take some lessons of counterpoint from your brother Dalton. That's a capital idea. I will tell you what I am going to do: I will see some of the old fellows down here—for instance, Bach, Palestrina, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and others, and they will organize a class of harmony and counterpoint and we will invite your brother Dalton to enlighten us on the subject. He could come over two or three times a week. It would be delightful! What concerns your brother's



oratorio, "Vanilla"? Why should you not come over yourself and produce it here? We have an excellent chorus up here, 100,000 people in all. They are trained by old Berlioz, but he lacks fire and temperament, and you have it in abundance. You will have all the noise you want; I know you like noise. You are doing very well that you don't compose; there is a lot of trash without your compositions. But what surprised me really is that you have such a great talent for business. It is not long ago since you used to turn over the leaves of your father's score and now you are one of the "lights" in the New World. Wonderful! But I think you could not do this trick in Europe. In your place, the people in general are not very much educated in the art of music, and therefore they are glad to have your productions. You would do even better if you would produce comic operas and burlesques. There is more money in it. Your people are great for industry, mechanical inventions and principally for business, and therefore they appreciate the musicians by the money they make. Isn't that so? But as a supervisor of the music stores you were and will be a failure; you will never be able to teach the people to read at sight by

your movable "Do" system. In your "Moral Union" they read because there are several real readers who lead and all the rest follow. I'm glad you succeed in New York as a musician with your talent as a politician. There will come a day when you will recall all that you have done to other people by your sweet and not sincere smile. After all, you will not take the money with you.

Good-bye, "New Light." Give my regards to your brother, and tell him about my new scheme.

Yours sincerely,

JOHANNES BRAHMS.



# HORACIUS HOMER

to  
FRANZ LISZT



*Dr. Franz Liszt, Esq.,*

*My Dear Sir:*

We will get down to business at once. I suppose you heard of my new piano method, "Kirgi-Virgi." It is a wonderful thing. You can ask my wife, though she runs an opposition school and doesn't speak to me. She uses the same method, but of course I know more about it. The result is just the same. I am sorry you died in a hurry; if you were alive, I would advise you to take a teacher's course in my piano "Technique." You have got to practice on a special instrument called "Lavier." It is an instrument of delight to your neighbor, a bliss to yourself, and a charm to your wife. There is no sound, no music, no soul to this instrument; it is a blessing to mankind.

My method is as follows:

*First Lesson*—You have to practice on a table for 45 minutes only, and you will have made such a rapid progress in that time that

you will be able to play—on any table—the most difficult pieces of piano literature, even the “Maiden’s Prayer.”

*Second Lesson*—Octaves. You stand on your head and make wrist motions with your knees. It has a magic effect on the stomach and you get hungry in about fifteen minutes, and you are able to eat two and one-half pounds of steak.

*Third Lesson*—Trill exercises. You begin to trill with the first and second fingers and continue from eight o’clock in the morning till four o’clock twenty-three minutes and a half in the afternoon; then you lie down on the instrument and say “Ra, Re, Ru,” and it makes you trill. It is not a trill but a shiver.

*Fourth Lesson*—Scales. You begin with C-major and finish in F-sharp minor; up and down. First you start very slowly, one quarter note per hour, then you proceed faster and faster till you reach the rapidity of twenty million notes a second.

*Fifth Lesson*—Arpeggios. First you start with the left hand, then with the right foot; then again with the right hand, and then with the left foot. After you have practiced that for eighteen hours and a half, you begin to

practice stretching. First, seconds, thirds, and so on, till you stretch yourself on the lounge and finish up with the prayer for the inventor of this method.

*Sixth Lesson*—I come down in person to the classroom and make a speech of praise to the new salvation—I mean the new method—and each pupil, every three minutes and one-quarter, says: “Wonderful! Stupendous!”

*Seventh and Last Lesson*—Memorizing. You close your eyes. I put my first finger on your nose, and you must remember that this is the first finger and not the fifth. Then I say, “Play Chopin’s prelude in D-flat,” and you can play it not only on the table, but even on the washtub.

Thus you and everybody learn to play piano in seven lessons. Well, what do you think of it? Is it not grand? And I, Horacius Homer, the husband of Mrs. Horacius Homer, am the inventor of it.

My dear Liszt, I think you have now a pretty good idea of my method. I want you to organize a branch of my school down in your place, and I do appoint you as my assistant. You may start with it right away. You will find in this letter my circulars and prospectus and you may change it accordingly.

Put on the heading, in thick letters, "Horacius Homer, Director," and below, in small letters, "Franz Liszt, assistant." When I come to your place, I will take charge of the school myself.

The school will be a very useful thing for the old fellows down there. For instance, Rubinstein, Moscheles, Thalberg, Henselt and others will have to take a course each.

Charge them good prices and don't accept drafts or checks, but pure gold, which you send to me as soon as possible. Keep for yourself \$8.50 per week, which is the regular salary I pay my teachers.

I hope to hear from you soon, because it is in your own interest.

Yours very truly,

HORACIUS HOMER.

P. S.—Don't get me mixed with my wife; we are separate geniuses.



**DR. FRANZ LISZT**  
**to**  
**HORACIUS HOMER**



*My Dear Sir:*

Your wonderful description of your wonderfully wonderful method received, and we all wondered at your wonderfully wonderful genius. Such a little bit of a man and such a big, swollen head! It is really wonderfully wonderful. So, by your method, a person learns how to play the most difficult pieces of piano literature in seven lessons, not only on any table, but even on a washtub? It is wonderfully wonderful!! I told Miss Badarzewska, the composer of the "Maiden's Prayer" up here, that you are advertising her *chef d'oeuvre*. She is going to send you a bunch of forget-me-nots.

Now, about organizing a branch of your wonderfully wonderful school up in our place: it's all right, though the old fellows are awful slow. But I hope that in the near future, say in 200 years, we will succeed. As I understand from your wonderfully wonderful new method, from now on, one does not need

to have any talent for piano. You mean to say that everybody can learn how to play in seven lessons? That's excellent. The only thing necessary is to buy a "Lavier" from you and everything will follow by itself. Wonderfully wonderful! There is a good prospect for pianists, if you will be able to manufacture them by loads. I am curious to know how many pianists you are able to turn out in a week? One thing I wanted to find out: if you can play the piano yourself. I never heard you. About your instrument, I must tell you that I have seen one, before you invented it. Rubinstein used to have one in Russia, and he did not think very much of it. So it is your own invention? Let it be so, if you say so, though it is no use to make such a noise about it. One thing I would like to know; that is, suppose you can give "technique"; but how are you going to teach a person "touch," tone-coloring, by your toneless machine? Schumann told me the other day that your method is a big "bluff" of a small head. He also said that a dumb man cannot teach talking, so your dumb machine cannot teach playing. The only thing that it is good for is to practice scales and exercises. But don't mind Schumann; he is jealous of you. Will



you kindly inform me which is the real bluff school, yours or your wife's? I received an excellent circular from her the other day, and was astonished at the intelligence of her self-praising. She praises herself only on 19 pages; she is modest, very modest. You ought to take an example from her.

Good-bye, my dear Homer. By the way, I met here, the other day, "Virgil," the Roman poet. He said he is going to send you a poem or an ode to the wonderfully wonderful pianist-manufacturing machine. It is very good of him, don't you think so?

Hoping to see you soon, I remain,

Yours truly,

FRANZ LISZT.



**ARMER LAUSEN**  
to  
**DR. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH**



*My Dear Doctor:*

For a very long time I have wanted to write to you, but didn't have any time. I have been very busy with preparations for the 19th Saengerfest here in Brooklyn. Oh, we had a glorious time. About fifteen thousand people participated in the feast. It was a real feast, too. One hundred thousand united gallons of beer were emptied in five days into the united singers' throats. It was really a fast feast, wasn't it? But I want to describe the whole thing to you as it was. The first day we had a parade of all the singers through Brooklyn; it was a magnificent sight. Such a display of the "Fatherland" in the United States! The second day there was a picnic at "Ulmer's Park." Oh, dear old Doc! I am sorry you were missing; you would have enjoyed it so much. Your naughty boys, Walter and Frank, do not consider themselves Germans at all; they are altogether mixed up with the Americans. Isn't that a shame?

But I will continue: The third day there was prize singing by different societies. Every society, as a matter of course, expected to receive the first prize, because each of them thought that they sang better than the other societies. And as another matter, of course, some began to kick till they kicked themselves out of our "Saengerbund." The same evening we had a big, long, grand concert, which began at 6:30 p. m., and continued until 1:45 a. m., and I, the leader of the "Saengerfest," conducted in person.

It was a grand sight from where I stood on the platform. On both sides people with badges and people without badges; people with flowers and people without flowers; people with fans and people without fans. All these applauding and I bowing. Why, I had stiff neck after the concert for about two weeks. The concert began with choral singing by a chorus of 4,000 voices, and you can imagine what noise we made.

But everything must come to an end, and so it was with the concert. When we sang, a strange noise was noticed, just like buzzing of an electric motor, and later we found out that all the rats of the armory (we had our

"Saengerfest" in the 13th Regiment Armory) left for other quarters.

Tuesday, the fourth day, again concerts and beer, beer and concerts. Wednesday morning there was singing for the "Kaiser prize." By the way, I forgot to tell you that the Emperor of Germany (may he long live and prosper, though I am a republican and he is a sickly man!) gave a prize, consisting of a fine silver figure, representing a German shoemaker of the middle ages, a master-singer, too. You know, all the shoemakers in Germany are master-singers, and here all the singing-masters are shoemakers. The prize was to be given to the society that sang best a new composition called "The German Song," composed by a Swiss. So we sang. My society, the "Brooklyn Arion," beat them all, but the judges said that the "Maennerchor," from Philadelphia sang as good, and therefore the prize was awarded to both societies, each of them to keep the prize for eighteen months. Is not that an idiotic decision? I proposed that the figure of the shoemaker-mastersinger should be cut in two. We should get the shoes and Philadelphia should get the singing part. Don't you think that better? Between us, I should have that prize all to myself, and

I am going to Germany to talk it over with the Kaiser.

After the prize singing, we had a beer contest and the "Saengerbund" of Brooklyn got the prize undivided. The prize was a barrel of pickles, reserved for this occasion from 1825.

After that, we had beer—beer unlimited. The people got a little tipsy. Some fellow—they said it was our President, Mr. Sing-Sing—was standing on the corner of a street holding a key in his hands. Some of our fellows passed by and asked him what was the matter? He replied: "The houses are turning around, so I am waiting for my house that I may open it with my key when it comes around." How do you like this incident, dear doctor?

Well, I think it is time to close this letter. Many regards from your boys. They're getting along nicely. Walter is composing oratorios, and Frank is producing them.

'Tis good to see such solidity in the family. Good-bye, dear doctor.

Yours truly,

ARMER LAUSEN.

**DR. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH**  
**Per Hans von Buelow**  
to  
**ARMER LAUSEN**



*Dear Sir:*

As Doctor Leopold Damrosch is busy with a rehearsal of the Oratorio Society up here, he instructed me to answer your very interesting letter.

Your beautiful description of the Nineteenth Saengerfest was admired and read by all of us; especially Anton Seidl was delighted with the beer part of it. By the way, cannot you send us some "Pilsner," say ten dozen? Oh! we would be delighted! We have not seen beer for a long time. I even forgot how it looks. If you will do this favor for us, I agree not to criticize the singing of your Choral Society in our monthly magazine, *Heavenly Researches Into Higher Art*, of which I am the musical critic and Wagner is the editor, and he is quite severe, too. By the way, I will quote a part of an article from the last number about American Music. It reads as follows: "And the truth is that the

musical art in the United States has become an industry, a trade. Mostly everybody in the profession is on the mad and crazy run for the dollar. Money, money, money is inscribed on the standard of Art. Now I am sure there are thousands of Americans, nay, ten thousands, hundreds of thousands, who are not afraid to look this truth in the face. To you I turn my attention. You alone can raise that standard from the dirt. You alone can uphold it and inscribe on it 'Art for the Sake of Art,' without commercialism. This is my sincere advice. When you take up the musical profession, study and stick to the end. Do not become teachers, singers, artists, conductors, before you are ripe. Study the great masters. Do not sell your talents and principles for that Almighty Dollar. Don't get tempted with the cheap success of mediocrities, who are willing to sell everything sacred for that dollar. If you want to have real art in America, you must insist on having the following: (a) A national conservatory supported by the Government, where only gifted people should be accepted, especially talented pupils free of charge. (b) A national opera, supported by the Government, where American artists should be given the

preference. (c) A permanent orchestra in every large city, supported by the city, to perform works of standard, classic and modern, foreign and native composers. You People of the United States Elect Your Government, and You Can Make the Government Do It."

What do you think of that article? Pretty strong. I cannot tell you who wrote it, but of one thing I am sure, that a living critic could not have written that. Firstly, because it could not be printed in our *Heavenly Magazine*. Secondly, because we do not pay here at all for articles, and thirdly, because a living critic would not dare to spoil his own business by writing just articles.

One thing I can tell you: that you Germans do not try to do—anything for American Art. You keep yourselves separate; you sing only German music in your societies; you always try to show the preference of your knowledge and always boast of your talents and musical abilities before your American comrades.

That is not right. America is your new "fatherland," and you must try to be good and useful citizens. The only thing you cultivated with success among Americans is Ger-



man beer. It is a good thing, there is no doubt about it; but it is not enough. America gives you everything, and you must give to her something in return.

Good-bye. Do not forget to send the ten dozen Pilsner, and we will drink your health.

Yours truly,

LEOPOLD DAMBROSCH,  
per Hans von Buelow.



# LUCUS LUMPUS

to  
ANTON RUBINSTEIN



*Dear Comrade:*

I call you comrade because you were in the business of art and I am in the art business. I am sorry you died before seeing America for the second time. When you made your first visit I was not here; now I am here and you are not.

You missed a good time. Every great artist that comes to America has to visit my college and pass examination—I mean play—before my pupils.

Paderewski, when he was here, played before them and they said his playing was pretty good; but after he left, they said my playing is better. That was no news to me.

I am sorry that the money craze has taken away my ambition as a pianist, otherwise I would beat every living pianist and every dead one, too.

But you understand I am in America, and I have to make a living; that's why I founded a college—the best musical institution in the

world, and I make money—big money.

You know there are three things in the world worth while living for, and they are: Money, money and money!

I will explain how I make money: I engage teachers and pay them 50 cents per hour (they are glad to work for anything), and I put in 5 pupils in one hour to each class, \$3.00 per head. By the way, the latest statistics of New York show that there are five teachers to one boy; and eight and one-half teachers to one girl. How is that for competition? I charge the pupils good prices, as you see, and I have about 19,800 of them.

I never put any teacher's name on the programme. Why should I advertise any other name but my own? But what do you think the best of my teachers did? Left me, and took away, each of them, the entire class. Isn't that mean? I work and they get the profits.

Every summer I enjoy life in the country. I own a cottage, a yacht, and sail every day. Last summer, while on the water, an idea struck me (not a sunstroke). I would organize a conservatory at my country place. I have too much leisure. The conservatory is going to be for the frogs: frogs have excel-

lent voices, you know, and they are rich in green backs. How does this idea strike you? What wonderful things a genius can think of!

When I organize this new college, I will leave there two or three teachers in charge. I ought to get good work out of them for eleven dollars a week.

I am thinking seriously of opening a butcher store; they say it pays well, and I will advertise it in the circulars of my college. There are lots of cattle around.

Excuse me for cutting the letter short, but I have to give a laying-out to a teacher for coming three minutes and a half late.

Your sincere friend and comrade,

**LUCUS LUMPUS.**



# ANTON RUBINSTEIN

to

## LUCUS LUMPUS



*My Dear Lump:*

I am glad you succeed in money-making, as long as it is your ideal, your God. Everybody has his own ideas and ideals. I used to have an idea to become a great pianist, and Beethoven, Bach and Chopin were my ideals. You have an idea to become a millionaire, and your ideals are a house, a yacht and a full stomach. Times change, dear Lumpus, but what can we do! 'Tis the spirit of the times. Yes, Lump, there is a great difference between our times and yours. In my time we used to require from a pianist a good technic, but the principal thing which was required was the soul, the expression, the conception of the composition which he was playing. Now a pianist stupefies his audience not by soul, or expression, but by acrobatic gymnastics of his fingers and wrists. Take, for instance, Rosenthal, Hambourg, Godowsky and a lot of others. I do not count your playing, you never could play. They all produce fireworks.

While they play, you are struck dumb, you do not know where to look first: at his fingers, wrists, or somewhere else. But when you go away from the concert nothing is left except smoke. In our times a composer first of all must have had a creative talent; now he does not need it at all. A composer nowadays writes for each instrument of the orchestra different nonsense—I mean phrase—and it makes quite a noise, which you call music. We have a saying in Russia, "When there is no other fish in the pond, then lobster is fish." You're a lobster all right. It is just the same with the composers now. When there is no real composer, trash will do. In our times a professional man used to have principles of art. Now the principal art principle is to get out as much money as you can from your profession, no matter how. How small you look to me, you so-called musicians, professional people, with your small aims, with your soulless bodies, with your miserable aspirations, with your animal instincts! Don't you think that I am right? If not, close yourself in your room for an hour, look in the mirror, and ask your conscience: Did you make all your money by fair treatment of your teachers? Did you get all your wealth by pursu-

ing the high principles of art? Look, and you will see your face blush. The only way is, treat your neighbor as you would like to be treated yourself.

Excuse me, but I could not help saying a sincere word to you, my dear Lumpus. Think of me and of that which I said.

Yours sincerely,

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.



**EDGAR McWELLDONE**  
to  
**ROBERT SCHUMANN**



*My Dear Robert:*

I have wanted to write to you for a long time and tell you about some curious things that happen here.

As you know, when I had finished my studies in Europe, I came to the United States as a pianist and composer. Here I gave lessons, published my compositions on my own account, and got a rocking-chair of music in a college. Everything went smoothly, and I felt happy, as a peaceful private citizen should feel.

But one never knows what may happen to-morrow; maybe you do up there, but we down here never do. Some of the so-called musicians insisted upon my becoming President of the "Typewriting Society of American Music Dealers." On inquiry as to the ends and objects of that organization, they told me that it was a society to encourage American music dealers to write, whether they could or not. "Write" was the watchword, no matter how.



Write symphonies, cantatas, operas, songs, etc.

I decided to go once to their meetings and see how things were carried on. It was held in a fine hall. The name, I think, is "Tuxedo Hall," after the bob-tailed coat of that name, I suppose. There was a nice audience; everybody and everything looked stylish, just like a picture in a Paris magazine. But the programme—I mean the paper of the programme—with the print, was beyond my expectations: magnificent, elegant; printed like the books of the middle ages; in fact, so fancy that you could not make out the text.

The whole programme was of native composers: a sonata for contrabass and piano in eighteen parts—long, dry and awfully dreary; then came a song, "Love Me, Or I'll Kill You," an excellent lyric which reminded me very much of your songs; after that came a quartet for mixed voices; it was a real mixed composition, you could not make head or tail to it. After that was a quintet for strings and piano, which apparently killed everybody in the audience or put them to sleep, for you could hear snoring on all sides.

After the concert refreshments were served; it really refreshed everybody after such a long sleep. There was punch—not the English

*Punch*—and sandwiches with interrogation marks. You had to eat sixty-two of them before you got an idea what was in them.

The same evening, the directors renewed their request that I shall become president, and thinking that I could improve the society, I consented, and at the next annual meeting was elected.

Here you may say, with Mark Twain in his book, "The doors open at 7:30, and trouble begins at 8." So it was with me.

There were fourteen directors on the board, and everybody proposed a different plan for the salvation of the society, and I, as president, annulled them all, and myself made out one. But it did not work. There were about 500 members in the society and each of them wanted his composition put on the programme. Only two concerts were to be given during the season. Now think of it, Robert, 500 compositions in two concerts! With that each concert would have to begin on Sunday and last two or three weeks.

I will tell you what I did: For the first concert of the "Society of American Music Dealers" I made out a programme consisting only of foreign compositions; not one Amer-

ican name! I did it for a purpose, that they might learn what is good, and copy.

There was an uproar, and everything went upside down. So at the next meeting there were only present twenty-seven people in the audience, and three artists, and they could not eat up all the sandwiches. A motion was made, seconded and carried to send the punch and the sandwiches to the Sandwich Islands with the purpose of organizing a society of local musicians.

So I resigned and everything is all right now. How are you getting along, Robbie? Composing? That's right. Do as I do, though sometimes I overdo it.

Good-bye, and don't forget your old friend and admirer,

EDGAR McWELLDONE.



**ROBERT SCHUMANN**  
to  
**EDGAR McWELLDONE**



*My Dear McWelldone:*

Your letter about the typewriting society at hand. I understand that with your resignation from that society it will prosper. I knew that you would never do as president. You have no talent for politics, and to be a president of a musical society of professional people, one must possess exceptional qualities for politics and tact and ceremonies. I want to become a member of the society myself, but I heard that your new president, Mr. Blutkopff, is a very severe critic, so I work day and night to prepare the required four-part composition, and will ask you that you should try to do everything you can that they should accept me, if not through my knowledge, then through your influence. I am glad you are getting along well, though I am a little surprised that your compositions have success down in your place, because they are above the ordinary. My opinion about your compositions, to say frankly, is that you have more

originality and individuality than all the composers of your place combined, though you imitate strongly Edward Grieg. Take, for instance, your "Sea Pieces." The whole background and coloring is so natural that it smells with sea salt, but it smells with Grieg, too. But never mind that. You are one of the not very many composers who were not tempted to write rag-time, and other such high-class productions. I have a high respect for you. Now you have the rocking-chair of music in the college, and you have under you the young generation, try your best to cultivate their taste and their minds for higher music, for higher ideals. Teach them to detest all the cheap stuff which the publishers put out every day with the purpose of money-making and at the same time degenerating the art to the last degree, making out of talented young people clowns, musical acrobats; making young singers to sing stuff which in our times would be considered a sin against humanity. Yes, my dear McWelldone, you, and a dozen musicians like you, will reform the musical world in your country. Do not despair, time will provide your country with energetic and talented people, and I am sure a time will come when the people of the

United States will not listen to all the cheap mediocrities, and they will begin to appreciate real Art.

Good-bye. Let me know, once in a while, about the condition of things. Till then I remain,

Your friend,

ROBERT SCHUMANN.



**COUNTESS MARIANNA DE  
POMPADOUR**  
to  
**HÉCTOR BERLIOZ**



*Monsieur Hector Berlioz.*

*My Esteemed Sir:*

Perhaps you do not know me, but I know you very well. We play your compositions very often, I mean my husband plays with his orchestra and I correct him. You want to know how I learned about scores and conducting. I will tell you: My papa conducted a drygoods business, and I was the cashier. I also took mandolin lessons on the banjo from a great professor of music, a former Italian barber. That's how I learned music.

I also have an excellent voice; in fact, such a voice that, at rehearsals, the musicians of the orchestra hear it above all the noise they make.

You can't imagine how busy I am. I forgot to tell you that I manage my husband, I mean my husband's orchestra. I made him a success and now I am launched as a manager, and he turned out a very ungrateful fellow.

I am very busy, hardly have I time for meals; I eat only a little beer and drink crackers. I get up about eight o'clock and wake my husband, then I wash him and dress him—he has an awful timid nature—then I give him coffee; after that I take him to the "Music Hall" for rehearsal. He stands and beats time, but I follow the score; he does not look at the score; he wouldn't understand it anyway. We have rehearsals from 9:30 till 12; and, imagine, we go through 150 scores in this time. You are surprised? It is I, who, do it.

The audience don't want polished music; they don't listen anyway. They just talk and drink sarsaparilla, beer and other temperance drinks (I am the proprietor of the saloon, too).

For the encouragement of American composers, we play some of their works, but after we have played them once the composers say: "That will do, thanks"; and take their compositions back. That's my trick again. We play it so finely that the composer, if he is present, asks what it is, so original is our production.

Every night has its special programme.

*Sunday*—"Sacred concert." Chopin's Funeral March; Strauss' Polka; Gillet's Loin du



Ball"; "Two Little Girls in Blue," by a local composer, etc.

*Monday*—"Request Night." We prepare no music at all. Every musician plays a different piece, all at the same time. Last Monday, for instance, our concert-master played Chopin's "Nocturne," the trumpet played "Home, Sweet Home," the hobo played a fantasie on the "Evening Star," and so on. Through all this my husband conducted his own march, "St. Mark's Ice." It was grand! The audience roared; in fact nobody ever produced such a wonderful combination.

*Tuesday*—"Symphony Night." Fifteen numbers in all. Fourteen other composers, and the fifteenth for the grand finale, Tschaikowsky's "Symphony Pathetique." You never heard this symphony, you died before it was written. Here the audience dies after hearing it. My husband conducts it so grand that most of the musicians fall asleep at the end of the second part; the last two parts are played by a piccolo, bass drum and hand-organ accompaniment—from the street to the window—a fine combination, isn't it?

*Wednesday*—"Popular Night." Soloist, headwaiter with a beer-bottle. 1. "Thus Spake Zarathustra," by Richard Strauss, the man

who wrote the "Blue Danube Waltz." 2. Ninth Symphony, by Beethoven—chorus, the audience. 3. Your "Damnation of Faust," or ours of your composition. 4. "Ride of the Valkyries," in a very slow tempo, *grave senza spirito*, for popularity's sake. 5. Schumann's "Mannfred," with recitation by the head-waiter, and other such popular pieces.

*Thursday*—"Wagner Night." We begin with the end of the "Nibelungen"; after that comes Strauss' waltz, "Wiener Sausages," finishing up with Moszkowsky's "Serenade," or the "Washington Post March," by Sousa.

*Friday*—"Operatic Night." We play over 18 operas, 26 operettas, and 9¼ music dramas.

*Saturday*—The last and the best. *My* father makes a speech, *my* husband plays a solo, Handel's "Largo," the 119th time by request—that's all he knows. Then *my* orchestra plays *my* arrangement of *my* husband's composition called "Fried Ice Cream," or "All Composers in the Soup," a wonderful thing; it creates a sensation. I am going to publish it and make it compulsory for every free-ticket holder to buy it. We give away only 1,300 tickets every night.

Now, my dear Berlioz, what do you think of my taste as a programme-maker?

By the way, I want to know if they need a manager up there. I would accept the position, and I certainly would make a success of it, no doubt of that.

Oh! Oh! On looking over this letter I found it rather long, therefore I will end it with a proposition:

Couldn't you arrange, say 79, subscription concerts for my husband and his orchestra in your place? Here business is bad; nobody wants him. I will give you  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. and your "cakes" of each concert. Of course you have to pay printing and transportation of the orchestra and conductor; Pullman or Wagner cars, I am not particular.

Hoping to hear from you as soon as possible, I remain,

Yours very friendly,  
COUNTESS MARIANNA DE POMPADOUR.



**MR. HECTOR BERLIOZ**  
to  
**COUNTESS MARIANNA DE**  
**POMPADOUR**



*Madame La Comtesse :*

Your sweet and perfumed letter received. The beautiful odor of the violets filled my heart with joy for all the time. In fact, I carry your letter all the time with me in the left breast pocket—near the heart, don't you know. I read it over every day and admire the beautiful style, and so I did till I found out that a diminished seventh chord sprang up between you and your husband, and you left him to manage his own affairs. You did a wise thing, Madame. He never had any talent for a conductor. The fact is that you made him what he is. But alas! now what is he going to do? I would advise him to come up to this place. I would give him a position in my orchestra—of course not the first violin, but the bass drum.

You ask me if I could not get a position for you as a manager up here. I tell you that there is no business going on here at all.

People are too sleepy up here. They are tired of all the music they have heard before and which they hear now through the telephones and other 'phones. But I will make you another proposition, Madame. Why don't you undertake to manage my orchestra from up here? I think it would make a sensation down in your place. Imagine an announcement on the big posters on Union Square: "*Hector Berlioz and his unsurpassed coffee—I mean orchestra—of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-five men*"? I always liked monstrous orchestras. That would sound grand, wouldn't it? And I would advise you to arrange the concerts in the open air, say for accommodation, on the roof of the Metropolitan Opera House. Oh! we would make a lot of money. And your taste as a programme-maker is known all over the world, even here. I overheard a conversation the other day between Mozart and Haydn. "What do you think of Comtesse la Pompadour as a programme-maker and as a manager?" asked Mozart of Haydn. Haydn thought a while and said: "I am very sorry she wasn't down there in my time; she would make my compositions quite popular." This is a nice compliment to you, Madame.

One thing, I am afraid, is that the transportation of the people will cost such a lot of money. Oh! and I forgot all about their dress. They are awfully shabby up here. The last time they were dressed was about three hundred years ago; before their departure from earth. I think it would be a good idea to ask bids for a full-dress suit contract down in your place. Get acquainted with some of the Tammany Hall contractors; they'll fix you up quickly and nicely. Oh! my orchestra would be so delighted to make a trip down to your place. They are tired of laziness up here. We have no rehearsals at all.

So, dear Madame, please begin to work on my new plan, and let me know as soon as it is ready.

Yours very respectfully,

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

P. S.—Tell your husband to take some lessons in harmony. It will do him good.



## HERWEG GERMANIER

to  
ARTHUR SULLIVAN



*Most Honored Sir:*

We all—I mean musicians, artists, and composers—are very sorry that you died so suddenly, though you were a knight. I thought when you were made a knight you would never die; but I am sometimes stupid.

Well, I must tell you the truth; you wrote a great many original operas, and they had much success; for instance, "Mikado," "Pinafore," and others; but I must confess, though I am not proud of it, that my latest opera, "The Monkeys of Zanzibar," beats everything you have written. It is a grand work, all the papers say; and you know when the papers say so, it "goes."

The melodies are beautiful, tuneful, spooneyful, mournful, and lots of other fools.

The subject is grand; but what beats all is the instrumentation of the opera.

The subject is based on "him" and "her" and lots of monkeys. Firstly, "he" meets "her," or "she" meets "him." There is a

"moon" and a "park" and "he" and "she." A love scene follows. Everything is quiet, only in the orchestra fourteen bass drums and eighteen small drums are playing the melody "Give Me a Kiss, You Monkey-Donkey." It produces a wonderful effect. After that the storm begins. The clouds dance, the trees jump, the monkeys fly and so on. The orchestra—I mean the flute-piccolo, accompanied by the "bells" and "tam-tams," play the chorus part. Then the villain appears. One hundred and twenty-nine contrabasses (by a special arrangement with the Musical Union) play the love theme from "Cavalleria Rusticana." The comedian cracks a chestnut and the leading juvenile monkey eats it.

Oh! you should see it; it is a magnificent opera.

Now, your lordship (or your now shipped lord, which is which?), I wish to make you a proposition: that we become partners! You will write an opera up there and I will write, or copy, one here. Then we will alternate. You will produce my opera in Heaven and I will produce yours here on earth—under my name, of course. Isn't that a grand plan? Think it over and let me know.

I have a wonderful subject for a new opera,



namely, "The Princess Saurkraut," or the "Dog in the Mug"—a fine subject.

How do you feel in your new quarters? Not very comfortable, I suppose—not so nice and quiet as down here. The fellows up there make such an awful noise, don't they? I can imagine when Wagner and Brahms begin to debate and Rubinstein interrupts!

Well, well, we will all be there; we can't help it, but I am not in a hurry. Let me know about my scheme at once.

Your obedient servant and future partner,  
**HERWEG GERMANIER.**



**ARTHUR SULLIVAN**  
to  
**HERWEG GERMANIER**



*Esteemed Sir:*

Your communication at hand. I am glad your "Monkeys of Zanzibar" has a well-deserved success. Your instrumentation of the opera is really surprising. Such wonderful combinations! Magnificent! Do you know what I am going to do? I want you to re-orchestrate my "Mikado"; it will sound much better with your instrumentation. If you do not mind, you will please send me a copy of your "Monkeys of Zanzibar." I will tell you what I need it for. Offenbach and Millöcker had a bet the other day about your opera. Offenbach said you copied it from Suppe's opera, and Millöcker said that you took it from Strauss's. Oh! Offenbach is a fine fellow, though he is a Jew. Somebody proposed that we should not accept any Jews in our society up here at all. We have a society of musicians here called the "Jupiter Musical Society"; but after we began to count out the Gentiles and the Jews we found out that mostly

all of the musicians of ability are Jews, or have Jewish blood in them. What do you think of it? It was really ridiculous to propose such a stupid thing. I do not remember who proposed it, Wagner or Gounod. And you know very well that Wagner, after all, has Jewish blood in him and ought to be ashamed of such an action. It was all on account of Meyerbeer. As you know, Meyerbeer, while in Paris, helped Wagner in every way, and in return Wagner does not even recognize Meyerbeer when he meets him up here. Of course the proposition fell through, and we are on good terms with all the "Noblemen of Jerusalem" again. So I said about Offenbach; he is a lively fellow, just as he was in Paris. In fact, when the bell rings for dinner or supper, he always comes in the dining-room dancing, and even at the meals he tries to play "La Belle Helene" on the glasses. (Water, not beer glasses, sir.)

We also have here a debating club, which has meetings once a week. At the last meeting Rubinstein expressed himself in this way: "In my opinion, music died after Chopin." Brahms got up and said to Rubinstein: "If you did not make a first-class composer, that does not show that there was nobody else left

on the field. Where is Grieg, where is Liszt, and where am I, the greatest of all dry scholastic composers?" He did not mention Wagner; he can't stand him. But just at this point Wagner got up angry and said: "You are all of you shoemakers, and not composers. I am, I was and I will be the best of all." He spat on the floor, and with a haughty air walked out of the club-rooms, accompanied by Anton Seidl and his dignity. An awfully hot fellow, is Wagner. So we have quite a warm time up here, once in a while.

Now, my dear friend, get to work and begin to re-orchestrate my "Mikado." About the partnership which you proposed to me, I will let you know as soon as I think it over. As an Englishman, it takes me quite a while to think.

Good-bye. Give my regards to the old friends and musicians.

From yours sincerely,

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



**Society for Prevention of Cruelty to  
Base-Drum Players and other Virtuosi  
to  
WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART**



Help, dear Mozart, help! Do anything you want, only help. Call a special meeting of all the musicians up there and induce them to do something in our behalf. But of course you don't know what is the matter. I will tell you. It is as follows: The inventors—a plague on them!—are everyday inventing new playing machines, which put all the orchestra and piano-players out of their jobs.

All the restaurants, department stores and other noble places used to employ at least one-half of the members of our union. Now they have discharged us and have put in our places accordions, orchestrions, phonographs, tonographs, monographs, and other “graphs,” pianotists, hypnotists and other “ists.” What do you think of this? A curse on the inventors! I wish they had all gone to your place before they were born. Don't take this wish as an insult, dear Moze.

It is impossible to make a living. The only

things that remain for our members are the theaters and back-yards. What will become of us?

The other day I myself saw (I am the secretary of the society which instructed me to write to you, and I own a house of course), that one of the first violins of the late Seidl's orchestra played in my back-yard. And imagine the same man who used to play the "Tannhäuser" overture played the latest coon song, "My Purple Girl from Kentucky," a rag-time peach. The same man, who used to make about \$75 per week, is making, now, 16½ cents per day. How does it strike you?

Can't you do something for us poor fellows? Otherwise we will have to pawn everything. Our treasurer has already pawned his trombone, and when short of money he plays poker or billiards—very popular instruments among musicians.

We have also trouble with the conductors. Every boy who went to the dancing academy and practiced a "jig" or a "reel" became a *real* idiot and wants to conduct. Why, I heard that the night-watchman of Schirmer's music store had become a conductor. People who do not understand a thing about reading a score or conducting, want to lead an or-

chestra. I say, let them lead a "push-cart," or, if they *will* conduct, there are plenty of street-cars.

So you see, my dear Wolfgang, that times are awful. Something must be done! Only one hope is left to us, and that is the parade. Our society is going to send a petition to the Senate asking for the appointment of at least 350 national holidays with orders to parade. Parades are a good thing. Before last election, for instance, I had eighteen jobs in one day, and I was all out of time, not musical time, but time for music, so I borrowed three hours from the next day. I made that day \$75. Isn't that pretty good for one day? It aggregates \$27,375 per year. Thus in 200 years I will be a multi-millionaire. It is a nice thing to be a millionaire. Don't you think so? You don't have to go to rehearsals, you don't have to play in time, you don't have to listen to the conductor, you can conduct him (especially when one is a railroad president), you don't have to look for jobs. I would give my last overcoat away to become a millionaire.

Excuse me, dear Mozart, for drifting away from the subject. Now don't forget, call a meeting at once and decide on something for

us and as soon as it is done let me know by a special delivery letter. We'll pay the costs.

Your friend and admirers,

S. C., Secretary of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Base-drum Players, and Other Virtuosi.





# WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

to

The Secretary of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Base-Drum Players and Other Virtuosi



*My Dear Sir:*

Your pitiful letter received, and since then I am trying to find out a scheme to help you. It is too bad that we do not have here money in circulation. Otherwise, I would start a subscription for your society. You know, it is largely the fault of your society that there are so many musicians in the "New World," and especially New York. First of all, the immigrating musicians from Europe, when they come here, do not go West, but stay in New York. In the second place, your society did not do right by accepting every ignoramus as a member of the society. You ought to be more strict in your examinations. Now you have about four thousand members, and you know very well that only one-fourth part of them are really orchestra musicians. The rest are simply trades people. You forget altogether that music is an art and not a trade. In

the beginning of the nineteenth century, the musician instrumentalist began to take a prominent place in the musical world, and now he is degrading, and, as you say, he is playing in the backyards. It is your own fault. Now, look here; your union price is \$7 per concert, and I know many musicians of your union who go for four and even for three dollars per evening. Your laws are good only on paper, and you do not stick to them yourself. Why do you encourage mediocrities to become musicians? You complain about the new inventions—pianotists, phonographs, tonographs and other 'graphs. Contrary, all this shows that the people in the United States become more musical and by and by they will be able to appreciate the difference between a music-box and a musician. This part is all right. Of course your society suffers on that account. With reference to the help you ask, I will suggest that if some of your members cannot make a living down in your place, let them come here. But as I said before, there is no money in it, only board and room; no extra dress necessary. It is warm here all the year round. Your idea about the parades is an excellent one. When you will have your petition to the Senate ready, I will give you

my endorsement. I am always glad to help a poor devil of a musician. I was myself not very rich. Do not be discouraged and stick to your union, and everything will be all right.

My regards to the comrades.

From an old friend,

WOLFGANG MOZART.



# GENARIO PIMPAMPUNCINANI to LAMPERTI



*Carissimo Maestro :*

There is no doubt that you were a great master of singing, but you did not know how to make use of your knowledge. You ought to have come to America, State Uniti; capisco?

Yes, sir, look at me. You remember the time when I shaved you in Milano? I was a simple barber there; here I am the best singing teacher in New York, and make piles of money.

You ask me how I do it? I will explain it presently.

When I came to New York, I first sold rat-traps, as most of our countrymen do when they come here. Then I made the acquaintance of a wealthy lady. She took me under protection. There are a lot of them here who have much money and nothing to do. She furnished a studio for me with carpets, rugs, china, etc., which cost \$7,000.

The people here like to be humbugged. The

more you blow, the more they think of you!  
Then I issued circulars which read as follows:

GENARIO PIMPAMPUNCINANI,  
GRAND BARITONE-TENOR OF GRAND OPERA  
of Milano, Rome, Paris, London and Berlin.  
*Court singer* of Prince Bacacuci.  
*Chevalier* of the order "Fried Spaghetti."  
Sang with Patti, Lassal, Mario, and other celebrities.

*Personal Friend* of Wagner, Gounod, Meyerbeer and Beethoven.

Then I went on to tell that all the other teachers understand nothing about singing, that they are simply charlatans, etc.

Then I began business. The scene opens:  
A bell rings, enter lady.

"I want to have my voice tried, Maestro."

"Ten dollars in advance," said I.

The money is paid. I try her voice.

You remember I played a little on the guitar when I was a barber. Now I play a little on the piano—by ear. So I try her voice.

"Excellent! Charmant! Magnificent!! A new star!!!"

The lady begins to melt. I continue:

"If you take four terms of lessons (each term \$200 in advance) you will make your

début in the Metropolitan Opera House in two years."

The lady has melted.

"Is it really so? You are very kind," she says.

"No kindness about it, I only speak the truth."

The lady pays the money and the business is complete.

So it goes, my dear Lamperti.

Now you want to know how I give lessons when I have no idea of singing? Well, I will tell you. I hire an accompanist. He plays and I correct the singer. First I say to the lady: "Sing a-a-a—" (You remember when I used to come to your studio to shave you, I had to wait till you finished your lesson. There's where I caught several points on singing and made up my mind to go to America and become a singing teacher.) So I tell her to sing "a-a-a," then "i-i-i," then "u-u-u," and so on. She continues this for two months. Then I give her Margarita's part from "Cavallerio" or "Pagliacci"—really, I don't know which. So she sings and recommends me to her friends, and thus my future is assured.

I can say, my dear Maestro, that most of

our countrymen have settled themselves nicely here. You remember Jacko, the shoeblack from the same barber shop? He has a position as singing teacher in a conservatory; Francesco, who sold bananas in Napoli, is a professor of acting; Iacomo, who was a "masseur" in the Turkish baths, is a teacher of singing and composing, and so on.

I feel happy and glad that I came to the United States, otherwise I would have to shave faces all my life; though even now I give the Americans a close shave every time I get at them. Capisco?

Vostro Compatrioto,  
GENARIO PIMPAMPUNCINANI.



## MAESTRO LAMPERTI

to  
GENARIO PIMPAMPUNCINANI



*My Dear Countryman:*

Your interesting letter and excellent circular received. Our countrymen up here really wondered at and admired your impudence, ignorance, freshness and cheek. The idea! A barber of Milano a singing teacher in New York! That is really astonishing, but if Americans take you for a singing teacher, they know what they are doing, or maybe they do not. I read the other day in your *Musical News* about different singing methods. I write you that because I know you cannot read English. Even your native tongue, you do not know well. But you can get some hints from this. One professor says: "First of all, my lady (to his pupil), when you get up in the morning, take breathing exercises, in this way: Go to the New York Life Insurance Building, eighteen stories high; do not take the elevator, but run up and down the stairs forty-eight times and a half, and for the finish jump down from the roof into the street. If



you get up unhurt, that will show that your breathing has improved very much. Then another exercise for the lungs: Walk from the City Hall to Central Park via Fifth Avenue and Brooklyn Bridge. It will give you ease in the legs. Then, after this refreshing exercise, my lady—do not forget to write it all down—go home. As you will feel quite easy and fresh from such excellent exercises, you begin to sing right away. Put your tongue to the right cheek and your left eye to the left ear. Bend your head a little backwards, take enough breath in your pocket—I mean in your lungs—and then sing high C-natural seventy-five times without stopping, all *legato*, not *staccato*." How do you like this method, my dear Genario? There is another method, still more wonderful: "Take seven raw eggs in the morning and squeeze the juice of nineteen lemons—write it down, please, also put in three turnips, nine parsnips and seven pickles. Mix all this up together nicely and drink every half hour a teaspoonful. When you are finished with this, begin to sing, no matter how, no matter where. The sound will be beautiful from the excellent beverage. If you drink this every day for thirty-nine years, you will become a great singer, and you will be

able to take all notes (on the piano) high and low, without any difficulty." That is an excellent method, dear Genario, isn't it? I would advise you to use the first method. It is more natural.

I am real glad that our countrymen establish themselves successfully in the new world. One thing I would advise you: Study out the names of the operas and composers, because you may sometimes make a fatal mistake and it will spoil your business, all on account of your unbounded ignorance. I also advise you to take some lessons in English. I know you are lazy, you don't like to study; but you must do it. You can't help it. Otherwise, after thirty years in America, you will speak worse than when you landed.

If you fail in the end with your singing profession, take up the barber's trade again or sell bananas, it may pay better by and by than the singing. Now I have to finish this letter. Good-bye; be fresh and blow.

Yours sincerely,

MAESTRO LAMPERTI.



LOUIS WILDO  
to  
GIACOMO MEYERBEER



*My Dear Old Giacomo:*

I am very glad to have a half hour of leisure to write to you, a word or two. I want to ask a favor of you, but before doing so I must explain some things:

I am a manager and proprietor of an opera company. You know how I came by that. I was first in the pork business out West. One evening, while sitting on the piazza of my house in Chicago, I was listening to the chorus of pigs in the pen—there were about five hundred of them—and you can imagine what wonderful music it was; in fact, it was so melodious that I began to hum the same melody myself, and to beat time. At once an idea struck me. Why can I not organize an operatic company? If I can manage "royalty,"\* why can I not manage operatic stars? So I settled on the idea and got to work at once. I don't like to talk too much—time is

\* "Royalty" is the name for pigs. Mark Twain in "Connecticut Yankee."

money. I organized a company, made up an orchestra, and began to give operatic performances, which went all right; but I have trouble with the artists; they want too much money. Think of it, I pay them fifty dollars per week for only sixteen performances and eighteen rehearsals, and they are not satisfied. They also kick about one paragraph in the contract, which reads as follows: "Mr. Wildo reserves the right to discharge his artists at his own option." This I do pretty often. When I see that an artist begins to be a favorite with the public I discharge him or her at once. Otherwise they become aristocrats, something I don't like. I have dealt most of my life with pigs and want to die among them.

Now, old friend, I want you to do me a favor. I give you full power to engage for me all the great artists available at the present time in your place. For instance: Mario, the tenor; Nilsen, the soprano; Lablache, the basso, and others. Tell them that I will give sixty dollars per week and railroad tickets. In return for the favor, I will try to put on your opera, "The Huguenots," and make it popular. It deserves it all right. I give you my word for this.

Now, don't forget, and go to work at once,  
and I will bill them for the next month.

Hoping to hear from you by wireless telegraphy as soon as possible, I remain,

Yours truly,

LOUIS WILDO.



# GIACOMO MEYERBEER

to

## LOUIS WILDO



You are very kind, Louis, to remember me, especially in business. I congratulate you on becoming an operatic manager. It is really a transformation: from a pork dealer to an operatic manager! But this happens every day in your new world. I wonder often and respect the pluck and energy of your people down there. To-day one is a shoemaker, to-morrow a banker. To-day a motorman, to-morrow a conductor of an opera. To-day a teacher in a public school, to-morrow a railroad president. To-day a sign painter, to-morrow a music critic. To-day a barber, to-morrow a singing teacher. To-day a pork dealer, to-morrow an operatic manager. Astonishing, by Jingo! But as I learn from your latest papers, you failed in the operatic business. And do you know why? I will tell you. I know it. I am a business man. It is in my blood. You went into partnership with one of the smartest men in America. Though you got the best of your pigs before, you could not get the best of this

one. Your operatic company and your success were a sore in his eye, so that he could not sleep quietly. Consequently, he invented a plan to propose your partnership, and he worked everything so clean and nice that you "busted" with your company in a short time. Oh, he is a shrewd man! He knows how to get rid of a mosquito when it bites him, yes, sir! Now what are you going to undertake? Go into the pork business again? Or select something more æsthetic for your taste, after you cultivated it in the opera business? Maybe you will take up sour pickles? I think this would not do now. When you used to have the opera, it was good always to have a stock of pickles for your artists. You must confess that you used to get everything "cheap" because you wanted to make all the money yourself. And that is why all your operatic managers fail. You do not pay decent wages to your artists, so a decent artist won't stay with you. The result is always the same, that you burst like a firecracker. Yes, sir; in your business undertaking you get so dry, so selfish, you lose all the human part of you; you lose all your soul, all your morals; you squeeze out everything you can get from the artists and then you throw them out like

old and empty lemons. Excuse me for my sincerity, but it came unawares. I know that this is not good policy. Lies and insincerity are the real things, and only then one can be successful in life on your planet.

I spoke the other day to the artists you wanted me to engage, but, firstly, as you failed, they are of no use to you, and, secondly, they do not want anything to do with you. They say you are a "money grabber." Excuse me, but this is the truth.

Yours sincerely,

GIACOMO MEYERBEER.





**MADAME ANDA MARIBEAU**  
to  
**TSCHAIKOWSKY**



*Peter T. Tscscsiaikofffskiey, Esq.*

*Dear Sir:*

I always have trouble in writing your name, but I think this time I have got it all right. Isn't that so? You Russians have such funny names. Why, you use up all the letters of the alphabet for one name. I have to break six stubs to write a Russian name, and when I try to pronounce one, my tongue gets twisted and I have to take a dose of Bromo-Seltzer. I had a lot of trouble with Morak's name. The real pronunciation is "Morzak," but nobody could pronounce it as it was spelt, so I advised him to drop the "z." I wouldn't be surprised if some Italian fellow picked up that "z" and added it to his name for euphony.

You know, I had Morak in my observatory as director. Then I tried Maur, then Papio, to impress the public that this is a high-class national institution. But it didn't work. People will not believe it.

They say: "If Americans want good mu-

sicians, they must have a Government institution, and only for extraordinary talents."

So I want you to become director of my institution—of course nominally. You don't have to come here, you are getting old and the communication is not perfect yet; besides you would frighten me, especially at night.

I will pay you big money, though you don't need it. You can do what you want with it—give it away or establish two scholarships in my observatory, one for voice and one for piano. Or, if you prefer, for dressmaking or cooking. One can learn anything in my observatory from bass drum virtuoso playing to Hindoo typewriting. I have a pupils' orchestra here, and you will have an opportunity once in a while, when visiting us, to conduct your symphonies. We have tried them, but can't play more than four bars of the introduction, and these are the rests.

I have an excellent staff of professors: Moreffy, a great pianist, but he sleeps mostly in Tarrytown; Kicker, a professor in harmony (what a coincidence, "a harmonious Kicker"); a composer too, and so on. They are all excellent fellows and good musicians, but bad business men. I get the best of them all the time, though I am a lady. Women suf-

frage is settled in New York; we are all managing husbands, and husbanding managers,

Now, if you make up your mind to accept my offer, send a message by Adams Express Company. Put it in a wooden case, otherwise they will lose it or break it, they are so careless.

Accept my thanks in advance.

Yours very truly,

ANDA MARIBEAU.



**PETER TSCHAIKOWSKY**  
to  
**MADAME ANDA MARIBEAU**



*Dear Madame:*

I am real sorry for the trouble my name has given to you, but if you want to pronounce it right, I will give you this advice: don't pronounce it at all. Then you will be correct all the time. Your proposition for me to become a director of your observatory is quite an honor to me, but I think I cannot very well give my name to an institution only nominally an educational institution, but practically a business "absurdity." As I am a bad business man and always was, I am afraid to begin business with you, such an experienced business lady. Instead of giving you my name I will give you advice free of charge. That is the kind you always want, don't you? If you could get all your professors free of charge, you would gladly take them, because your business principle is: "What is yours is mine, and what is mine is mine." That is an excellent principle, especially nowadays. My advice is to open a "Music Hall" business,

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instead of bothering your life and your professors' lives with an "absurditory." A Music Hall will pay better, and the public will enjoy it more. Imagine yourself as the principal star singing "Holloa, My Baby."

What do you think of it? Isn't this a grand plan? And let your professors, too, appear as stars; of course, complimentary stars. You are the principal "one." By this action, you will reserve your ambition for "Music Art," and also make the money. You can make it this way: In the daytime your institution will be an "absurditory," where you will teach, and in the evening it will be a Music Hall. Your pupils' orchestra can play there and your other pupils will be the audience. That is a grand plan. I am sorry that I didn't start such an institution in Moscow while I was alive, but I am going to write them about it. Now think it over and you will come to the conclusion that you are more fit for vaudeville than for an educational institution.

Sending my best regards to the copyists—I mean composers—of your "absurditory," I remain,

Yours truly,

PETER TSCHAIKOWSKY.

## **"RAG-TIME" PUBLICATION SOCIETY**

**to  
JOSEPH HAYDN\***



Stolen, lost, or strayed, a manuscript of an opera of a very well-known composer, by name "The Guilder's Suspenders," or "Barmallama"—that is the name of the opera, not the composer.

It was submitted to a publisher for inspection, and as he used to deal in sour tomatoes before he went in the publishing business, he didn't understand much about the manuscripts, he gave it to another publisher, who gave it to his music critic. The latter gave it in turn to another composer for examination, and the end of it was that it got lost somewhere. Now what is to be done? The Society of "Rag-Time" publishers instructed me, their president, to write to you, hoping you may find it in your place. You will recognize it at once by the fact that it was copied from a Mozart

\* "To compose is a pleasure, to publish is a responsibility"—a smart man said it, but I forgot his name.—[AUTHOR]

forgotten opera. We also want to ask you, dear Joseph, that composers up in your place should organize with the purpose of spreading good music on earth, by sending, every month, to us, your new works. We can't stand any longer the trouble we have here with all the native composers. Everybody has become crazy about money-making, and what do you think they do? They steal, copy and borrow from all the old composers' songs, cantatas, operas, etc.

In this way they succeeded in business, until we found out lately the secret of their success. Before, when a composer brought a manuscript, we took it because we were not educated in music and we knew not whether it was old or new? We are in the business simply for money. There is no art for us publishers. Now every one of us engages a special music critic, not a composer, who must examine each manuscript and say whether it is new or old. But what do you think the result is? The music critic becomes a composer in two months and begins to write "copysitions" himself. What is to be done now?

An idea struck me. When you organize the "Composer Society" we will send, each month,

to your secretary or inspector—we, of course, will pay for it (money no object)—for examination all the manuscripts that come in.

You will be surprised, Joseph, to hear that “Rag-time” is the craze now. I call it “drag-time,” it drags out of you all decent feeling. The best composers were tempted and write this stuff. And the publishers, about them! I will only tell you that there are in every street three publishing companies. Every week one “busts” and three new ones jump up just like mushrooms after a rainstorm. And the composers!! Why, every schoolboy or schoolgirl who has taken two months’ lessons on the banjo composes. It is simply awful! And we publishers suffer.

At the last meeting of our society, we resolved to advertise for a new invention which should be called “Anti-Composone.” We intend to apply this machine to every composer who comes into a store, and the result should be a chronic catarrh of the stomach. Consequently he will stop composing. In general business is pretty good. Even if we take a manuscript from a composer we pay him in blank music paper or with old music albums



which lay in the cellar for the education of the rats. So it goes, my dear Haydn. Don't put my proposition under the table, but begin to organize at once.

Good-bye. Keep together.

Yours truly,

B. D. F. E.,

President of the "Rag-Time" Pub. Society.



**JOSEPH HAYDN**  
**to**  
**THE PRESIDENT OF THE "RAG-  
TIME" PUBLICATION SO-  
CIETY**



*Dear Sir:*

I have searched for a long time, everywhere, for the manuscript of the opera, but only lately I found out that it was used up in Hades for fire-starting; so it is lost. But the composer can copy it once more from Mozart's opera. Now, you wrote me that we should organize a society for spreading good music on earth. Do you think we are such babies as your composers down there, who allow themselves to be robbed of their compositions, their rights and their incomes with your ten per cent. royalty system? No, sir! I will tell you sincerely that you—I mean publishers—are worse than the owners of the sugar plantations in the South during slavery time. You make the composers write trash with the purpose of making money. But who makes the money? Not the composers. They get the fame and you get the coin. You simply blow them un-

til they give up composing in despair. I speak about the *real composer*. He works and studies all his youth; he loses all his best years to learn how to write something decent; and you don't want to take it, or if you do take it, he never gets a cent from you. You ought to be ashamed, you "benefactors of humanity." You take compositions from Europe and without permission you print them in America, sell them, and the composer whistles for the money. But in one way it is the composer's own fault. Why don't they organize a society for protection of their rights from such "benefactors" as you are, and from the ignorant amateurs who take lessons for two months in music and then begin to compose or copy? Why don't the *real* composers try to do something in their own behalf and not let you charitable people run the musical world? But never mind, the time will come when the composers will see no other way than to organize themselves into a strong and well-protected body. Now I want to say a few words to the musical critics; Why don't you help the composers and support them in their hard struggle with the publishers? I know why; because you make a living through the publishers. Well, Mr. President, we will organize here at

once, not for your sake, but for protection from such "honest" people as you are and the cheap composers who steal and copy from all real compositions.

Accept my best regards and wishes to the honest and brave men in your place.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH HAYDN.



**MADAME S. CAULIFLOWER\***  
to  
**CLARA SCHUMANN**



*My Dear Clara:*

I found out from my friend Hans Kettle-drum that the celebrities are corresponding, so I decided to write to you. Perhaps you do not remember me. Do you recollect when you gave a concert in Berlin in 1861, I was sitting in the second row to the right with a large hat and blue feathers? After you finished the "Carnival," by your husband, I smiled to you and applauded so much that I tore my \$1.80 gloves to pieces. Since then I come to America and settled in New York. I am doing quite well. First, I gave lessons in French, German and piano; then I took five months' lessons in harmony and became a composer. My compositions are very popular, in fact my latest songs are sung by everybody. A few days ago, while taking a car to the ferry, suddenly I heard someone hum a very familiar melody. I could not distinguish whether it was Schubert's or mine, we write

\* "Cauliflower," cabbage with education.

so much alike. I looked around, and who do you think was humming? The car-horse.

I am very much in sympathy with nature. A little while ago I composed a suite for piano called "Rural Matches." It is a beautiful thing; ask my husband. I have played it all day every day for three months, and I never tire. No pianist wants to play it—jealousy, of course. Yes, my dear Clara, there is a big field for women composers. In France, Chaminade; in England, Miss Hopekirk; here, myself. I have gotten into the "four hundred," but I don't like them: too much ceremony and etiquette. I think I will start a new "four hundred" and propose you as honorary president. Isn't it an excellent idea? Now, if you want to do me a favor which I will appreciate very much, I will send you my suite "Rural Matches" and you will play it. You won't have to study it; everybody plays it at sight. My husband plays it on beer-glasses. After you play it once, send me the programme, and I will have a special title-page made with an inscription, "Played by Clara Schumann." I also want to ask you to influence your husband to allow me to call myself a pupil of Robert Schumann. That will help me a great deal, and I will beat all the

pianists and composers here to pieces. One doesn't need knowledge here; a pull and a bluff will do. I am also a member of the "Typewriters' Society of American Music Dealers," and Hans Kettledrum plays my compositions very often and very badly.

You are a woman and I am one, and we must help each other.

Good-bye, Don't be tardy with your answer.

Your comrade and friend,

MADAME S. CAULIFLOWER.



CLARA SCHUMANN  
to  
MADAME S. CAULIFLOWER



*Dear Madam:*

Your very witty letter received and enjoyed. Though I don't remember you, I have heard of you, as I am the secretary of the Women Composers' Society up here. I keep the record of the women composers, and our society is growing immensely. Imagine that only from the fourteenth century up till now we have already nineteen and one-half members. You will ask, of course, who is the half? I must tell you the truth, though I regret it, that you are counted as the half. It is, I suppose, because you took only five months' lessons in harmony. But I promise you that if you take two months' more lessons I will try my best to promote you as a whole composer. I read in the paper the other day that your suite, "Rural Matches," is taken by one of the best publishers. Don't be astonished on account of that; the publishers take everything that is not music, but imitation. But I am glad that the woman suffrage is settled in



New York. I see that the women prosper; they become managers and manage the artists very well, only they don't make as much money as the men. But never mind the men, they are an ungrateful lot. They don't appreciate what we did for them. We will let them know yet what we are. I made a motion the other day in our society that the words "masculine" and "male" should be excluded from the dictionary and from the language; and we are going to see old Webster and ask that he should replace them in his dictionary by the word "neuter." Yes, my dear Madame, we will show the men what we can do. They will be all slaves, or we will not recognize them at all. The brainless men are our slaves anyway, but there is a set of men who are awfully stubborn, and they say they are the masters of the world. We will see to it yet!

With reference to your "Rural Matches," I have looked it over and found out that it is not so bad as I expected; there are still worse compositions in the market. You can use my name and the name of my husband as you asked for.

Now, organize a branch of our Women Composers' Society in your place, and look for members; but you must not be disappointed if

you will not find many composers the first time. The publishers will provide. When you will have a little leisure come up some time to our meetings, and you will see some of our members—pleasant and musical people. No men at all.

Three cheers for women's rights and bonnets. Good-bye; work and organize.

Your sincere friend,

CLARA SCHUMANN.



## ANGELO FEBRUARIO

to  
GEORGE HAENDEL



*Mein lieber Kerl:*

That's all the German I know, therefore I humbly beg pardon for it. My dear Haendel, did it ever cross your mind, how different our fates are? It crossed mine; just follow me, please:

You were a musician, I am not; you were a composer, I am not. You can't count my compositions as something really good, nobody does, though I try my hardest; you were a German and became an Englishman; I was an Italian and became an American; you spoke German and English, I speak Italian and French. "*Comment sa va, Monsieur, Eh?*" I don't consider my English; nobody understands it.\*

With all these differences, there is something spiritual between us—the organ. You used to play this instrument; so do I. I used to work at the bellows of the organ at St. Cecilia's, in Rome, and now I am an organist

\* N. B.—My wife wrote this letter for me.

here. I used to blow there and now I blow here. Oh, you should hear me play a Bach "Invention" for two voices; so clear and nice. I only play my own compositions and Bach's; he wrote pretty well for organ, but lacked counterpoint, I beat him to pieces in it.

I compose a lot, and the publishers take everything. I have already composed six rag-time sonatas, sixteen hundred songs and 169 masses, and received for each composition 19 cents—quite a price considering the quantity. My style is that of Donizetti; the melody is *bel canto*, the accompaniment I make very easy, so a child could play it. In fact, when I am sick, my two-year-old baby plays the organ for me. I give lessons in singing and composition, and I guarantee that every grocery clerk and butcher boy who takes them will become a composer in four months. I only teach them copying. I give them a mass by Bach, or by Mozart, and tell them to copy it and put their names to it. The publishers take anything and pay pretty good. I know one composer who got 79 cents royalty on his compositions in six years. In voice, I take only people who already know how to sing; I put my finishing touches and then they appear at my church as my pupils. America is a

grand country for bluffs. Americans treat us like gentlemen, and we treat them like children and they are satisfied—and so are we, of course.

Well, my dear Haendel, I hope you will like my letter. Don't keep me waiting too long for an answer. Till then, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

ANGELO FEBRUARIO.



**GEORGE HAENDEL**  
to  
**ANGELO FEBRUARIO**



*Dear Sir:*

Your impudent letter received. Don't bother respectable people in our quiet place. If you want to write, write love letters, but leave me alone. I don't care a bit about your profession. You can be an organist, barber, shoemaker, or banana seller. It is just the same for Art. No damage!

Yours truly,  
**GEORGE HAENDEL.**



**THE UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF  
MUSICAL UNDERTAKERS**  
to  
**AUGUSTIN DALY**



*Dear Sir:*

The "United Brotherhood of Musical Undertakers," of which I am the secretary, has instructed me to communicate with you on the following subject: As you have a much greater field up there than we have here, and as your artists are getting old and dry, we wish to make the following proposition: We will supply you by shiploads with singers, pianists, 'cellists, violinists, socialists, anarchists, and other instrumentalists, all young and "fresh," very cheap. For instance: for a shipload of pianists, with international reputation, \$5; violinists, per load, \$3; singers, \$1.75 per load, 200 to a load. All these artists flock to New York from all over the world, and we managers—I mean musical undertakers—get them very cheap. Of course they have to pay pretty dearly for registration and in return they are glad to work for anything, even for nothing, having only their names to appear on

the programme; and we do pretty good business. We get the money from the engaging parties, the singers appear for nothing; naturally every cent is clear profit. The business for artists is so bad that the greatest celebrities are degrading, degenerating, or descending to the variety and vaudeville stage. Instead of good dramas we have cheap one-act trash; instead of good comic operas we have burlesque; instead of good, classical songs we have "coon" songs. But the public says: "We do not want to be instructed in morals, music, etc. We want to be amused. All day we are running for the dollar, in the evening the dollar is running from us." What can we do if the public wants nothing for the soul, only something to tickle their eyes and ears? Let them have it, if they want to. As long as we make money, we are satisfied.

It is the same thing with piano manufacturers; they used to make high-grade instruments only. All the instruments were noble, because they were "square, upright and grand." Now only the names remain; the goods are not even "on the square." The looks are just the same, and you can drum on them all the "coon" songs you want without disturbing your neighbor, because he does the same thing.



In general, we musical undertakers—by the way, how do you like our new name? An improvement over “manager,” isn’t it?—have entire control of all the music field here. No singer, or instrumentalist, or acrobat, can arrange a concert or entertainment without our knowledge or without paying us the due—or undue—fee. The artists are simply slaves and work for the wages we pay to them. Now, my dear Daly, or Weekly, think our proposition over and send your orders for artists with the next airship or rapid transit. We have excellent artists in stock now. Hurry up; otherwise they might go into other business, for instance, become shoemakers or tailors, which pays better nowadays.

Yours very truly,

P. G.,

Secretary of United Brotherhood of Musical Undertakers.



**AUGUSTIN DALY Per Secretary**  
to  
**The United Brotherhood of Musical Undertakers**



Your favor of last week at hand. As Mr. Daly is busy at present attending a five o'clock tea reception in the editorial rooms of the *Heavenly Researches into Higher Art*, he instructed me to answer your letter. Your proposition considered. But as I understand, your artists want principally to make money; Art is not their ideal. So Mr. Daly, who was always in the pursuit of higher attainments, declines to accept your proposition. But as I am acquainted in the lower regions, and also have a personal pull with St. Peter, I will try to do this for you: we can use your singers in the chorus of our coming permanent opera. It will be a trifle warm for them, but let them bring along electric fans. As you see, we are going to establish here an operatic company and give only grand opera. We will have two houses—one in Hell and one in Heaven. All the dramatic operas and the music dramas we will produce in Paradise, and all the lyric and

comic operas we will produce in Hell, so that all the people will get acquainted with the new productions. Wagner and Seidl are going to conduct in Heaven, and the conductors from your place will go to Hell. The idea belongs to Meyerbeer. They got sick and tired of not doing anything but sleeping and eating, so they came to that. We had quite a fight up here; Wagner wanted to produce "The Huguenots" and Meyerbeer wanted to produce the "Nibelungen," and nobody wanted to give in, out of courtesy. By majority it was decided to give "The Huguenots," and Wagner stuck his ears with cotton, that he should not hear Meyerbeer's opera. But you don't know the principal thing. When the opera will be on the regular run (we will have, of course, a continuous performance from morning till night in Paradise, and from night till morning in Hell), we will throw open the gates of Heaven and bolts of Hell, and we will purify the dirty "rag-time" air of your planet. By Heavenly suns and fires of Hell, we will make the composers awaken their conscience, and they will begin to compose something real good, and no longer copy or steal. We will make the singers sing good new and old songs, and not trash. We will make the publishers

issue real musical productions of high merit, and not "rag-time" stuff. We will make the managers treat the artists like human beings who want to work in the advancement of Art. We will influence the almighty people of the earth not to grab all the income from the undertakings, but to give due compensation to the artists, who want to enjoy life and happiness. Meanwhile, good-bye.

Hoping to see you very soon, I remain,

Yours truly,

AUGUSTIN DALY,  
Per Secretary.









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